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Brutus



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LOS ANGELES

William Brewster.

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Sam'l D. H. B.

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B R U T U S.

A

M O N O D Y

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

O F

Mr. B R U C E.

— ἀδινῶν χλωρᾶν
Τέττει δακρύων ἄχραν.

D U B L I N :

Printed for J. SMITH at the *Philosophers Heads* on the
Blind-Quay. M DCC LVI.

Advertisement.

IN anguish of heart was this little piece composed; very soon after the deplorable event to which it directly refers; in such situations as the writer was then in, things are apt to appear with a peculiar cast of gloominess, derived from, or much deepened by, the medium thro' which they are view'd; and on this particular occasion, he believes, that every individual in Ireland who truly merited the honourable distinction of P A T R I O T and had right apprehensions (as most such had) of the excellent and important character of Mr. B R U C E, considered his death as a grievous loss to the patriot cause, and as threatening the declension of its sacred interests, with something of more *real* efficacy, than what mere omens are possessed of; hence flowed those apprehensions expressed towards the close of the poem, apprehensions at that time so prevalent in the writer's mind, as to have inclined him to subjoin to the motto as it stands at present, the two lines which, almost immediately follow it in the *Trachiniæ*,

Μοῖρα προφαίνει δολιαν
Και μεγάλην ἄταν.

But

But these distressing fears he has since, with exultation of heart seen disappointed, by the wise, liberal and steady conduct of a number of gentlemen, who are an honour to their country and the age they live in, and by an auspicious change of the persons and measures of our Government.

One word more, and that with relation to the name of BRUTUS ; it may possibly occur to the reader, that the likeness in sound was the quaint occasion of its being chosen, tho' in truth this circumstance was not at first attended to, and, when it came to be observed, was considered as an objection to the choice ; but all objections vanish on remembering, that MARCUS BRUTUS was one of the wisest, best and most amiable of those who have lived and died in the service of their country and the cause of liberty, shining as bright and lasting ornaments in the annals of mankind.

BRUTUS.

B R U T U S.

A

M O N O D Y

To the MEMORY of Mr. *B R U C E*.

DE E P in a ruin'd temple's lone recess,
Upon a grave, where yet no monument,
Of brass or sculptur'd marble, rear'd its head,
With Epitaphs to make *Death's* triumph less,
The fresh green sod its only ornament, 5
With sprigs of cypress, rosemary and box,
Scatter'd by pious hands, and yet unwithered,
A *Youth* reclin'd ; — and sorrowing he seem'd,
For ever and anon his breast he knocks,
Most part were bent his eyes, which ceaseless stream'd, 10
To earth, tho' sometimes rais'd in piteous plight,
As he would search, half in despair, the skies
For consolation which the earth denies ;
It was the solemn season of midnight,

And

And *solitude* and *silence* fad 15
 Reign'd with congenial *darkness*, save what light,
 Which more than darkness' self of horror had,
 Thro' the long pillar'd isle, one dying lamp,
 Its livid gleams nigh-strangl'd with the damp
 Of graves and vaults and sweating columns, shed. 20

“ BRUTUS ! ” —

The isles prolong the slowly rolling sounds ;
 “ BRUTUS ” again he cried,
 From high-arch'd roofs his raised voice rebounds,
 To the low-deived vaults, where gradually it died ;
 The long-drawn murmurs of each echo'd groan, 25
 Sad hollow sounds ! had fill'd his soul with fear,
 Could he have heard, whom the cold hand of *grief*
 Had almost chill'd, like NIOBE, to stone,
 Or he have terror known,
 To whom ev'n terror would have been relief. 30

“ BRUTUS ! —

And art thou deaf who ever wont to hear
 When *sorrow* and when *wretchedness* did call ?
 Thou, from whose sweet persuasive lips did fall
 Accents, which gently stole upon the ear

Of

Of pining *grief*, and charm'd ev'n *despair*, 35
 Art thou, alas ! become for ever mute ?

O ! well with me would fuit

A comforter like thee, but under ground
 Thou liest, and comfort is not to be found !

D I D the sad friend forlorn 40
 O'er his soul's partner mourn ?

Did filial *piety* the parent weep ?

The hoary fire, for his beloved child,
 Untimely lost ! sad painful vigils keep ?

The plighted virgin in her sorrows wild, 45
 Her tresses rend, to strew her lover's hearse,

Or pour her silent tears,

And, like the show'r-kill'd lilly, hang the head ?

Did ——

O ! height supreme of unexpressive woe !

The faithful, tender, wretched consort left 50
 By chiefest happiness enjoy'd below,

Sit as of soul bereft ?

Well, B R U T U S, didst thou know,

Where all the boasted strength of *reason* fails,
 From blest *religion's* inexhausted store, 55

To

To pour the balm on ev'ry bleeding breast ;
 Gently to waft, with *faith's* refreshing gales,
 The storm-rent bark to *resignation's* shore,
 Where *hope's* strong anchor gives security and rest.

No r with trite maxims of the stoic-school, 60
 Unfeeling sect ! which pedants idly quote ;
 Or hireling priests with minds, at ease, by rote
 Who can condole, and comfort us by rule !
 Woe-struck *he* came, incapable of art,
 Where *nature* wept, to sooth the mourner's heart, 65
 Self-loving *melancholy* hates the tribe
 Who come her foes avow'd ; — *he* felt for all,
 And as *humanity* let fall

The *drop* sincere, *sorrow* receiv'd the bribe ;
 Pleas'd to hear him her woes so well express, 70
 She fix'd attentive till she found them less ;
 He knew to intermix reflections sage

Of G O D's eternal providence, and raise
 Our raptur'd thoughts, above this little stage,
 To happy fields and never-ending days, 75
Meed of the *good*, who here sharp trials bore
 Resign'd, — where sever'd friends again shall meet,

And

And hold communion sweet,
Shall meet, in blessedness, to part no more!

A N D why then can't thy recollected strains 80
Silence my plaint, and sooth my throbbing woe?

Alas! they serve but to augment my pains;
The greatness of my loss they well can show,
But ah! they never can that loss supply!

For all the living Grace from whence did flow 85
Their pow'r to charm, away with thee did fly;
When the bright star whose presence makes the day
Has sunk into the sea,

Thro' mists and baleful fogs the sickly moon
Gleams a reflected light, but all the heat is gone 90

That cheer'd the hills, and ev'ry smiling plain;
Little avails the joyless northern swain
Her ineffectual sheen;

While it reminds him of the absent sun;
Absent not lost, for soon will he be seen 95
Majestic, flaming in the eastern skies;

But here my B R U T U S lies,
Clasp'd in *corruption's* ever-loath'd embrace,
Never again to rise!

And who is he that cometh in his place? 100

AH ! who is he that in his place doth come ?
 Where is the head with equal wisdom stor'd ?
 Where is the feeling heart that doth afford,
 Like his, to ev'ry human grief a home ?
 Who in the Public-cause, like him, doth move, 105
 Acting unweari'd for the noblest ends ?
 Who lives like him ? — tell me his weeping friends,
 And wretched relatives ! — distinction vain,
 Each friend in him possess'd a brother's love ;
 O ! haste and tell me, that I may regain 110
 The sweet companion, the instructor sage,
 The faithfull *monitor*, the chearful aid
 Of each fine joy, and balm of ev'ry pain,
 Guide of rash *youth*, and prop of trembling age ;
 Pensive they wave the head, 115
 And sighing, point the spot where B R U T U S lies ;
 B R U T U S, alas ! the wise the good is dead,
 Nor lives his like beneath the out-stretch'd skies !

B R U T U S is dead, and by his * T U L L Y's side,
 Whose living monument's the moral page 120
Heart-

* Mr. BRUCE lies buried in the grave of his beloved Friend Professor HUTCHESON, that most excellent Moralist,

“ Whose blameless life still answer'd to his song.”

Heart-dictated, he lieth wrapt in clay ;
 Lovely their union while they saw the day.
 Nor could the *king* of *terrors* long divide
 The christian *heroe*, from the christian *sage* ;
 Of *terrors* ! — such unto the world — to them 125
 The smiling messenger of joy he came !

N O T for myself I mourn,
 Or with these tears bedew thy sacred urn ;
 Yet well I ween, thy more than mortal lay,
 But chief thy fair example, from the heart 130
 While ev'ry sordid, selfish thought, away
 Potent they chac'd, still took soft *nature's* part,
 Still bad the tear down stream at her behest,
 Bad all the tender feelings hold their course,
 And only taught to moderate their force ; 135
 Each passion thus within due bounds repress'd,
 They fill'd the glowing breast,
 With *Love* of *Man*, of *Virtue*, and of G O D ;
 Beneath his chaf't'ning rod,
 I bow submissive, yet my tears must fall, 140
 As sorrowing o'er thy dust I bend,
 Not that thou wast, O ! bitter word ! my friend,
 But that thou wast the common friend of all.

C O U L D

C O U L D ye conceive, ye solitary train,
 Ye gloomy ones, “ who are yourselves alone ! ” *Shakespeare.*
 The social sense of others’ joy or pain, 146
 But chief what, wretches ! ye have never known
 The home-felt transports conscious *worth* doth know,
 Then, ev’n by ye, perchance half understood
 Might be the labours of his peerless life ; 150
 B R U T U S might well, for his own sake, despise,
 Whate’er ye deem, mistaking, bad or good,
 False honours, worthless gains, and pleasures low,
 The toils, the loss, the pains, the dangers rife,
 So Heaven perfects virtue ! which attend 155
 The man, who, like my B R U T U S, mankind’s friend,
 Sets for his constant aim, before his eyes,
 The cause of *virtue*, and the gen’ral weal ;
 Temper divine ! from whence *coelestial* joys
 Unspeakable, inestimable flow : 160
 This is but half his praise,
 For her own lovely sake he goodness lov’d,
 And *virtue*’s radiant blaze
 Touch’d his consenting heart-strings, and them mov’d
 To utter moral, rapturous melody, 165
 Like

Like M E M N O N vocal to the solar ray ;
 Delight did follow, with his honest fame
 His actions' recompence, but not their aim.

S T I L L anxious for his *Country's* good, he knew,
 No danger of mistake, he *felt* it true, 170
 That *Happiness* and *Virtue* are the same,
 And only flourish in fair *Freedom's* soil ;
 And never ceas'd his unremitting toil
 To fence the precious *Eden* where they grew,
 From all its foes, worst foes are feigned friends, 175
 These he discern'd, howe'er disguis'd they came,
 Whether in fable stoles, staid *Wisdom's* hue,
 Or spotless white, the robes of *Innocence* ;
 He pluck'd their masks, and strait confess'd to view,
 Stood mad *Ambition*, sordid *Avarice*, 180
Fear at her shadow scar'd, *Submission* mean,
Malice and fell *Revenge* ; and in their train,
 Pert *Folly*, leash'd with dog-eyed *Impudence*,
Deceit's smooth face, and *Falsehood's* thin pretence,
Corruption's ugly form, and *Terrors* vain ; 185
 Rous'd by his manly voice,
 The guardian band, with civic garlands crown'd,

D

Came

Came firmly on, and soon upon the ground
 Their foes lie prostrate, while their friends rejoice !

THEIR friends rejoice ! — but soon alas will change
 Their shouts triumphant, to the notes of woe ; 191
 Ev'n now they change, for lo !

The faithfull *Watchman*, by his toils o'ercome,
 Sinks to the silent tomb !

Then *Virtue* felt, and *Science* wept the blow ; 195

Then *Commerce* yell'd along the desert coast,
 While rocks and caves resound for BRUTUS lost ;
 And *Liberty*, the mountain-Goddess fair,
 Tore her dishevell'd hair ;

Nor could *Religion* any comfort lend, 200

With *Faith* and *Charity* her daughters dear,
 Disconsolate, fast by her breathless friend
 She droop'd, for *Hope* the youngest was not near,
 She, on strong wing, up to the realms of light
 Bore his pure spirit, eager to appear 205

Before his Judge, the gracious GOD of might.

I ERNE too had scarce resum'd her Harp,
 Which all neglected, in her late dismay,
 Unstrung, beside her lay ;

Scarce

Scarce had she swept the sweet accordant strings, 210

When she too felt *Affliction's* arrow sharp,

Away the lyre she flings,

And sad and solemn was the dying sound,

It gently warbl'd, as it reach'd the ground ;

Away she flies where the deep cypress shade 215

Glooms dismally, there solitary laid,

She mourns her strength and manly beauty gone,

Dead is her fav'rite son !

She mourns her friends, she mourns herself undone !

Her fields defenceless left the spoiler's prey, 220

Herself a thrall to *Faction's* lawless sway ;

For such, while yet the recent sorrow streams

Down from her lovely eyes, her future fate she deems.

O ! save her, Ye ! who gallantly did stand,

Firm in the breach, for *Liberty* and *Law* ; 225

Ye honour'd *Patriots* ! ye renowned band !

Whom *Men*, whom *Angels*, whom the *Train* that bled

For *Freedom*, *Seraphs* now ! with rapture saw

Struggling, victorious, for an injur'd *Land* :

Monarch of *Albion* ! save the loyal *Dame* 230

Who calls thee *Father* ! and with filial awe,

Blessing

Blessing thy hoary laurel-shaded head,
 Rests on thy well-known virtues, on thy name
 To *Liberty* and justice ever dear ;
 From R A P I N E's fangs, from proud *Oppression's* paw,
 Far as thy might beneficent extends, 236
 Thou sav'st thy allies, thy remotest friends,
 And shall thy *Children* — shall I E R N E fear ?
 From ranc'rous *Malice* dress'd in flatt'ring smiles,
 From masked *Treason's* hell-invented wiles, 240
 Be both preserv'd ! — ”

Here ceas'd the luckless *Youth*
 To pour his sorrows in untutor'd strain ;
 Heedless of elegance, intent on truth,
 No wreaths of laurel did he look to gain ;
 Sweet verse can never flow from bitter pain ; 245
 Here ceas'd his lay, but ceased not his ruth :
 And now o'erhead the swallows twitt'ring skim,
 And now shrill cocks salute the morning grey,
 And now the sun gan dart a level ray,
 Peeping, unwelcome, thro' the window dim ; 250
 And now he hies him home, no longer will he stay.

Heu Pietas ! heu prisca fides !

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